NECESSITY FORCED WOMAN INTO UNUSUAL TRADE—QUERIES ON FASHION AND ETIQUETTE

WHY DO MOST AMERICANS FEAR THE WAITER'S SCORN?

Most of Us Show a Startling Lack of Independence When Ordering in a Restaurant. Interesting Letter From "Batch"

WHY do we all become such moral cowards the minute we step into a restaurant? Abroad there is so much more common sense displayed about this sort of thing, but here in America we all feel that we must somehow live up to the standard set by men and women of affluence. So we order more than we care to eat and pay more than we can afford to pay, easing our consciences by vowing to practice rigid economy for the next few weeks to make up for it.

I did know a young woman who at one time had the courage of her convictions. She was with another woman in New York. They had "teaed" at a fashionable hotel quite late and so really wanted nothing for dinner, but felt the need of a cup of coffee. So with some misgivings the second one followed her friend into a fashionable restaurant and they ordered a pot of coffee. The waiter sniffed and asked, "Anything else, madame?" and as an afterthought the strong-minded young woman decided she *would* like some rice pudding. The waiter almost snorted at this order; indeed, he seemed to take it as a personal affront, and mumbled and grumbled over it to the other waiters, so that the young women felt decidedly ill at ease, and yet they were mad clear through.

But this particular young woman is cured. She declared she would never, never have the temerity to order her favorite dish again when dining out, but would meekly submit and make herself ill on bombes glace and rich frappes rather than face the contempt of the serving man.

• • •

DEAR MADAM—"The Why Men Leave Home" correspondence in your recent issue is extremely interesting to me, a bachelor, who essays, or possibly hazards, a word of comment.

Intellectual diversion appears to be what your correspondent cites as the chief demand of the husband when he returns from work to his fireside, and lacking it, seeks the stimulant in club and bar. I cannot share his high regard for the intellectuality of barroom conversation.

"Some men are born rovers, some achieve roving and others have roving thrust upon them. I presume it is of only this last class that your correspondent writes, and they are not a majority by any means.

"In the last analysis a man marries for a home, in all that the word means. He finances the proposition. Bluntly, he says to friend wife, 'Here is the money; get busy.' The success or failure of that home depends upon both. The wife may fail to make good because the husband fails properly to provide the sinews and the wife is unable to carry out her part of the bargain. On the other hand, the wife may fail properly to assemble the elements for home-making provided by the husband, and then he goes out o' nights.

"The home means essentially a place both pleasing and comfortable. A knowing wife can make home very comfortable or very uncomfortable. As for the feature of pleasing, man is really a difficult proposition. If in the care of the home and the children the wife neglects her own person, she is delivering the final blow that will drive the husband to his club.

"Beauty of face and form is—it just is—highly important. Man is a very artistic animal and he demands beauty. For subconsciously he knows that ugliness is sin somewhere along the line. If a touch of rouge helps, she should use it; if marcelle waving becomes, it's justified. If women think that men do not demand beauty, let them watch the street throngs as a pretty woman passes. If Mr. Man does not get a good view on approach, he will turn around, unless he is waist deep in his grave or hopelessly near-sighted.

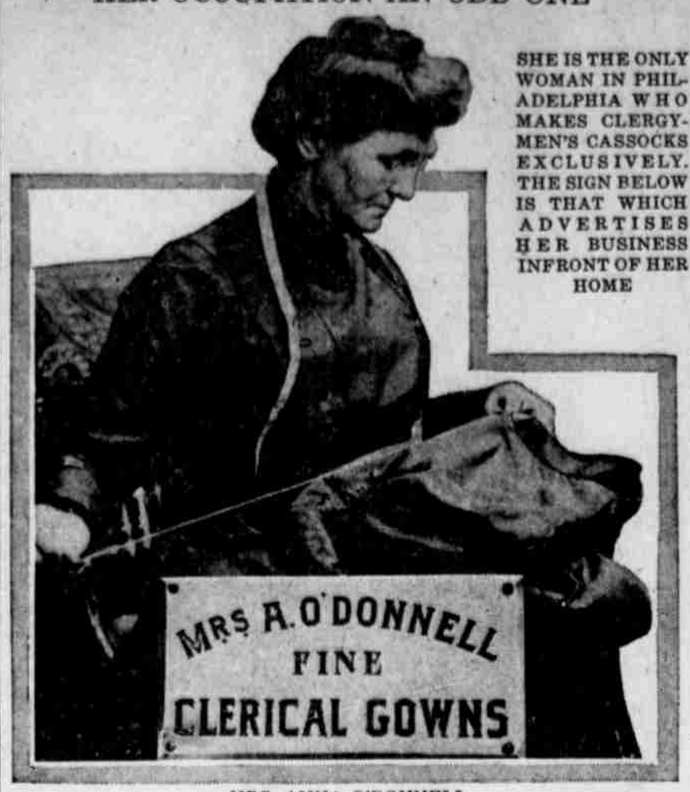
"To fulfill her part of the bargain in making a home a wife should make it comfortable and pleasing. Then it will please the husband to be pleased and he will do to please her. I believe most of these husbands would agree to wipe the dishes even, which is my fear of future punishment if I do not mend my ways.

"BATCH."

Two Dollars Given for a Letter Every Day

A PRIZE of Two Dollars ($2) will be given each day to a reader of the Woman's Page of the Evening Ledger. There are no conditions. Every day a letter will be chosen from the number sent in, whether it contains information of value to the readers of the page or asks a question, and the prize will be awarded to the writer. Be sure to sign your name and address so that checks may be forwarded.

HER OCCUPATION AN ODD ONE



SHE IS THE ONLY WOMAN IN PHILADELPHIA WHO MAKES CLERGYMEN'S CASSOCKS EXCLUSIVELY. THE SIGN BELOW IS THAT WHICH ADVERTISES HER BUSINESS INFRONT OF HER HOME

MRS. ANNA O'DONNELL

WOMAN EARNS LIVELIHOOD MAKING CLERGY'S GOWNS

Mrs. Anna O'Donnell, Worker in Unique Craft, Advises Taking Pride in Vocation for Success

One woman solved the sudden and disheartening problem of playing the double role of father and mother to her children by finding out something the world wanted done and then going and doing it. Mrs. Anna O'Donnell, upon whose door at 1823 North Twenty-first street a big metal sign announces that she makes clergymen's gowns, told how she came to take up her present occupation.

"What made me take it up and how came I to think of it? Necessity—sharp and pressing. Left suddenly with three small children to support, I had to think quickly of something which would not only provide us with a living, but would allow me, in addition, to stay at home and mother my children."

Mrs. O'Donnell's skill with her needle and a knowledge of tailoring gained by helping her brother, a tailor in the old country, suggested something along the same line.

"I knew I must select something out of the common run, where the competition would not be so keen; making gowns, cassocks, birettas and rabbis for the clergy occurred to me. People discouraged me, but I solicited the patronage of the clergy. Some of them also doubted a woman's ability to make a cassock successfully."

Mrs. O'Donnell's insistence that she knew she could do it and that if her work did not come up to the prescribed standard she would be content, even anxious, to have it returned to her at her own expense, won the day. That her confidence in herself and her ability was not misplaced is proven by the facts—twenty-five years of success and all the business she can possibly handle.

"This has always been my motto: Give satisfaction, no matter what the expenditure in time and labor. I'd sooner take two dollars too little than two dollars too much; and I find so much pleasure in my work, not merely for what it brings me financially, but because of my pride and interest in it, that if I had a fortune left me I should still want to go on making my cassocks and birettas."

She showed a sample of her handiwork, a biretta beautifully finished and every stitch in it done by hand.

Like all successful women, Mrs. O'Donnell confessed she had often worked long and late, sometimes going for forty-eight hours at a stretch without rest. She is also the only woman in Philadelphia plying her unique trade, which is patronized by clergymen of all denominations. She has even been urged to make robes for members of the legal profession, but had to refuse, owing to the pressure of her present business.

Her recipe of success is intense pride in one's work, faithful and conscientious service to the employer and confidence in ability, with much emphasis on the latter, if a person would meet and crush the doubts and distrust of others at the beginning and obtain a foothold.

MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

Katie and Dick Have Met Before

"ALL right, Katie," I said, delighted that she was so thoughtful about marketing problems and interested enough to go to the trouble of marketing herself, "we will go together. I will show you where the shops are, then you can go by yourself other days. I need the air, anyway."

"That will be so nice," Katie beamed at me.

"Thank you, Katie," I replied. "I will be ready in a moment."

I put on my hat and coat, and Katie and I walked to the shops where I traded. I saw at once that she was a shrewd buyer. She saw faults where I would not have dreamed they existed, and haggled over prices in a way that made me blush, even though I knew that she was doing it in my interest.

"These people, they charge you double prices if you don't watch," she said bluntly to me.

"I hope you won't believe that, Mrs. Graham." The marketman came forward. "Sometimes prices are quoted incorrectly over the telephone. I am sure you will find our prices as reasonable as any other markets which keep our high class of goods."

"See you keep 'em cheap or I no trade with you." This was Katie's parting defiance as she picked up the bundle of eatables and started homeward.

I had a luxurious afternoon. Katie in the kitchen sang softly over her work, some minor-cadenced Polish folksong, and I nestled deep in an arm-chair by the sunniest window, dipped deep into the pages of magazines and newspapers which I had not read. I realized with a start that I was out of touch with the doings of the outside world, something which had not happened to me before for years, save in the few awful days of my mother's last illness. I really must catch up again.

KATIE'S AMAZING FLIGHT

I was so deep in a vivid description of the desolation in Belgium that I did not hear Dicky enter. I started as he kissed me.

"Headache better, sweetheart? It must be or you wouldn't be able to read that horror." He closed the magazine playfully and drew me to my feet.

"I am perfectly well," I replied, "and I have good news for you. We have a maid, a trifle rough in her manner, but one who I think will be very good."

"That's fine," Dicky said heartily. "I'd much rather come home to find you comfortably reading than scorching your face and ruining your hands in a kitchen."

"Say, Missis Graham!"

Katie came swiftly into the room, and I heard an exclamation of suprise from Dicky.

"Why, Katie, wherever did you come from?"

But Katie, with a scream of fear, her face white with terror, had backed into the kitchen. I heard her opening the door where she had put her hat and cloak, then the slamming of the kitchen door.

I looked at Dicky in amazement. What did it all mean?

He caught up his hat and dashed to the front door.

"Quick, Madge!" he called. "Follow her out the kitchen door as fast as you can. I'll meet you at the servant's entrance! I wouldn't let her get away for a hundred dollars!"

I obeyed Dicky's instructions, but with a feeling of disgust creeping over me. I have always hated a scene, and this performance savored too much of a moving-picture melodrama to suit me.

I hurried down the two flights of stairs and on toward the servant's entrance. I was almost there when Katie came flying back, almost into my arms.

"Oh, Missis Graham," she moaned.

"You kind lady. I pay it all back. I always have it with me. Don't let him put me in prison. I work, work my fingers to the bone for you. If you only not let him put me in prison.

"HE MAY COME"

Dicky came on behind us. As she saw him she shrank closer to me in a pitiful, frightened way, and put out both her hands as if to push him away.

"Don't be frightened, Katie," he said. "Come to the house and tell me about it."

"Bring her into the living room and get her quieted before I talk to her," suggested Dicky, as he disappeared into his room after he had got her upstairs.

Bewildered and displeased at this bizarre situation which had been thrust upon me, I ushered Katie into the living room and removed her hat and coat. She trembled violently.

I went to the dining room and from a decanter on the sideboard poured a glass of wine, and, bringing it back, pressed it to her lips. She drank it and the color gradually came back to her face and the twitching of her muscles lessened.

When she was calmer I took her hands in mine, and, looking her full in the face in the manner which I had sometimes used to quiet a hysterical pupil, I said slowly:

"Listen to me, Katie. You are not going to be put in prison. Mr. Graham will not harm you in the least. But he wishes to talk to you, and you must listen to what he has to say."

Her answer was to seize my hand and cover it with tearful kisses. I detest any exhibition of emotion, and this girl's utter abandonment to whatever grief or terror was here irritated me. But I tried not to show my feelings. I merely patted her head and said:

"Come, Katie. You must stop this and listen to Mr. Graham."

Katie obediently wiped her eyes and sat up very straight.

"I all right now," she said quaveringly. "He can come. I tell him everything."

(Copyright)

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Tutti-Frutti Pudding

Soak one-half box of gelatin in one-half pint of cold water, dissolve with one pint of boiling water, add juice of three lemons, one and one-half cups sugar, slice three bananas, three oranges, one cup cherries and put in mold till hard, then turn out in dish.

Make custard of one pint milk, two eggs, one-half cup sugar, one tablespoonful flour, one teaspoonful vanilla extract; let cool and place around pudding. Take one-half pint cream whipped to stiff froth and put over the custard.

To One in Paradise

Thou wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Now all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy gray eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams!

—Edgar Allan Poe.

Just a look at the Meridale Creamery and you'd easily understand why

MERIDALE BUTTER

is so "uncommonly good." Everything is clean and sanitary—the cows are healthy—the air is pure—the pasturage is excellent—the creamery is spotless—the whole country vibrates with the freshness, sweetness and purity that are found in every pound of Meridale Butter.

AYER & McKINNEY (Makers of Meridale) Philadelphia

Bell Phone, Market 3741
Keystone Phone, Main 1783

Look for the "Merifoil" wrapper—air-tight, dust- and odor-proof—at your grocers.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Questions submitted to this department will be answered, when possible, on the following day. Special queries like those given below are invited. All communications for this department should be addressed as follows:
THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, *Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.*

The winner of today's prize is Mrs. H. E. Baker, of Havre de Grace, Md., whose letter appeared in yesterday's paper.

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. What preparations should be made in a room before the operation of a vacuum cleaner?

2. How can grease spots be taken out of paper?

3. Is there an easy way of determining whether or not lobsters are fresh?

1. How can an astringent tooth powder be prepared?

2. Can hair which is turning gray be prevented from having a yellowish streak?

3. What is meant when one corner of a visiting card is turned down?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Sandwiches, if wrapped in a napkin which has been well dampened, will remain soft and fresh for hours, or even a whole day.

2. The quantities of albumen and fat supplied by one cup of bouillon are about the same as those yielded by two or three spoonfuls of cow's milk.

3. The fuschia thrives beautifully in a north light; also ferns, ivy, dwarf evergreens, spiderwort, moneywort and trailing lox vine; also pansies and violets when they are in season.

Washing Laces and Colored Goods

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—A woman who makes a living doing fine laundry work told me how to whiten lace that had become yellow. Make a suds of white soap and cold water and add a tablespoonful of borax. Put in a wide-mouth bottle. Put the lace to be used into it and place it in a pan of cold water. Let the water come nearly to the top of the bottle. Now place the pan on the stove and allow it to come to a boil slowly and then simmer slowly for two or three hours. Take it out and rinse it very carefully in cold water, squeezing it gently between the hands, never wringing it. Have a bit of starch and a drop of bluing in the last water. Roll it up in a cloth until it is partly dry, then iron it between two cloths. If done with care the lace will look as good as new.

She says that it is much more difficult to wash colored goods now than it was before the war in Europe cut off our dyestuffs. She never uses hot water in washing colored clothes. She dissolves a cake of white soap in warm water, then washes the things as quickly as possible. To set the colors before they are washed she uses salt for pink, black and brown; vinegar for the blues and sugar of lead for the purples and lavenders. And she always tints the starch the same colors as the garment with a few drops of prepared dye. JANE G.

This information is of great value.

Prune Cake and Prune Pudding

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Seeing some very good prunes at the grocer's recently reminded me of two highly perfect recipes I possess, which I am sending you for the Woman's Page. The first one is a rather unusual but delicious cake, and any one who tries it will find that her guests will invariably "ask for more."

Prune cake—One cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, yolks of three eggs, one cup of cooked and chopped prunes, one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg and an equal amount of cinnamon added to the flour; one and one-half cups sifted flour, the grated rind of half a lemon and a teaspoonful of the juice, three tablespoonfuls of sour cream or milk, one level teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water and added to the cream. Mix in order given and bake in moderate oven. When nearly cool cover with icing made from one cup of confectioner's sugar mixed to a soft paste with lemon juice or cream and lemon mixed. The cake should be baked in a shallow cake tin about ten inches square.

The pudding calls for prunes also, and fits in so well with the cake, as the discarded whites of six may be used and sufficient prunes can be cooked at one time for both recipes.

Prune pudding—The whites of three eggs beaten until stiff, one cup of sugar, one cup of chopped cooked prunes. Mix carefully, pour into a buttered baking dish and bake slowly for twenty minutes. Serve with cream or hard sauce. (Mrs.) P. L. C.

Recipe for Date Cake

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Here is a recipe for date cake. It improves with age and is very easily made, as it can never fail!

One pound dates, stoned and halved; one pound English walnuts, cut; three eggs, beaten well together; one cup of granulated sugar and one cup flour. Bake in a shallow pan in a slow oven and cut in small squares while hot. (Mrs.) A. S.

Idea for Kitchen Wall

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—If you think this worth while I wish you would publish same:

As the wallpaper by the kitchen range gets soiled so easily, if queer, it looks badly as cannot be cleaned, I scraped the paper from the wall just around the range and painted it a nice green, then scrubbed the same shade of paint with molding. This makes it look very well and it can be washed with soap and water. J. K.

Substitute for Egg

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Economy compelled me recently to find some method other than the usual one in making the substitute for an ham croquettes and I found one that was quite satisfactory. The egg that had required for the dip. The way I solved it by using a plain white sauce to bind the mixture together. The croquettes were delicious, as a feather (illegible) of meat when done. MRS. E.

(illegible) is worth mentioning.

1. No rings should be worn on the hand with the engagement ring during the time a girl is engaged.

2. There is no medicine which, if taken internally, will reduce flesh without injury to the health. A strict diet is the surest way of reducing.

3. Liquid powders, if prepared without oxide of zinc, will not injure the skin.

Would Work for Shut-Ins

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a girl of twenty and am very anxious to work for the shut-ins this winter. I am very fond of children and would love to visit them once a week to cheer them up, teach them to sew or entertain them in any way. Will you kindly advise me of some place in Philadelphia where I could go and also what I should do? Thanking you in advance for the information. MARY E.

I should advise you to go to the College Settlement at 433 Christian street or to the headquarters of the Shut-In Society at 1710 Chestnut street. It is nice to hear of some one of your age who is anxious to work to make other people happier. Do write to me again.

To Take Up Millinery

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I would appreciate it very much if you would tell me where I could take up millinery. LOUISE C.

Courses in millinery are given at Drexel Institute and Temple University.

Should Men Marry Young?

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—A letter to young men considering matrimony. Any young man in moderate circumstances who marries before he is thirty is bringing self-destruction by lingering torture upon himself and as the law puts it should be locked up in a padded cell until he recovers from his suicidal mania. It would be well for him to have painted in letters a foot high above his dressing table, "A young man married is a young man marred," and on another wall I would emblazon Kipling's immortal sentiment about those traveling fastest who travel alone.

So many young men full of hope, full of ambition, full of promise and enthusiasm are extinguished by early marriages, their spirits broken by petty cares of the family man.

If he contemplates for a while he will see that there is not one chance in a thousand for the young man who burdens himself with a family, to ever win the prize in the race of life—he is too heavily handicapped to even run.

Then if he be married he is not free to go where fortune beckons. Likewise there is this very unsentimental point to be borne in mind, and that is that as long as a man is single he is the object of interest to everybody, and they are willing to push him along, but the minute he marries he becomes nothing but the husband of his wife and must shift for himself.

Of course, he will say that there have been cases where men married young and were by no means wealthy, and that they later on became rich and prominent citizens. Yes, miracles do happen occasionally, but they are very few—don't figure on the exception, but the great majority.

If he thinks seriously of marrying he should go to his mother and spend a week in careful study of her bill book and let her grind into his conscience that there are butcher, grocer, millinery, dressmaker, dry goods, plumber, doctor and a thousand other bills of which he never dreamed. Then when he marries he will not be surprised to learn that neither he nor his wife can work the miracles in the 'loaves and fishes' line. Marriage is the most important business in the world, and to make it a success it must be properly financed, as much so as any business partnership.

That doesn't sound very romantic, but without it you invite disaster. For his sake and for the girl's he shouldn't marry until he is fully ready, because if he does the time will come when the girl will represent to him the eternal sacrifice he is obliged to make for her, and from then on he will begin to dislike her. Marriage should be treated as a science, not an episode. The thing worth having is worth waiting for, and that is as true of marriage as it is of anything else. So if he would be happy, though married, he should wait until he is old enough. C.

Do readers agree with these views on marriage?

Keeping Children Orderly

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—My husband and myself have a very novel but effective method of keeping our children orderly. We promise each one of them five cents at the end of the week if we do not have to chastise them for being bad or misbehaving, and I assure you we pay off two kids with our dimes, as we put each one's money into a bank and buy them something useful with the amount that accumulates. (Mrs.) F. P.

What do readers think of this idea?

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

Unusual Quince Recipes

QUINCES are the one fruit which cannot be eaten raw. We have, however, become accustomed to looking upon the quince as a marmalade rather than as a fruit that really can be canned like peaches, pears or other fruits.

When selecting quinces for preserving choose large, smooth fruits. Quinces are distorted in shape usually, and it is, therefore, necessary to be especially watchful in selecting them, because the little dark bruises that may look only like "bumps" on the fruit are likely to turn quickly into discolorations and spoil the entire quince. However, if perfect fruit is selected in the first place, and it is kept in a cool, dry place, it will remain fresh for a long time, especially if wiped off occasionally with a dry cloth.

Several delicious and unusual dishes which will take the place of baked apples can be made of quinces.

BAKED QUINCES

Peel and core quinces, filling core with sugar and a small section of preserved ginger or a dash of grated lemon rind. Place in a baking dish with plenty of water, for unlike the apple, the quince has very little water. Cover the dish and bake slowly in a moderate oven until tender, which will take a few hours. Serve cold, topped with whipped cream.

To can quinces, peel and carefully remove all the seeds. Then cut in quarters or small portions if desired, and cook in a slightly heavy syrup. Flavor with lemon. Canned quinces are excellent, not only as a dessert, but as a combination with any of the winter fruits—oranges, grape fruit or canned pineapple—in fruit salads. They can also be used in fritters, dumplings, tarts, etc., instead of the usual apple or banana filling.

Another very delightful preserve that will be found exceedingly useful during the winter days when variety in fruit and flavoring is scarce, is quince honey. This honey makes a delicious filling for layer cake, or may be used as a flavor for custards, puddings, tapioca, cornstarch, or added to a lemonade or other cold fruit drink.

CANDIED QUINCE

Core and slice the quinces and weigh. Weigh the same amount of sugar as fruit. Scald the quinces, then boil for eight minutes. Place them in the kettle containing the sugar and a little water, and put inside the oven and cook until a deep, clear red. Remove from the stove and drain the quince pieces. As soon as dry cover with sugar on top and bottom and let them stand in a dry place over night. Then pack in dry sugar in jars.

(Copyright.)

LITTLE sandwiches, made with Keebler's Saltines, add delicious zest to Afternoon Tea.

Somehow there's a Crispness and a Flavor to Keebler's Saltines that we don't think you'll find in any other Cracker.

But, then, perhaps we're prejudiced!

At the Grocery Shops

KEEBLER-WEYL PURITY GUARANTEED BAKING COMPANY

A luxurious and striking coat of brown velvet, deeply shirred above and below the waistline, about which passes a silk girdle. The deep square collar, cuffs and wide band at the hem are of black muskrat.

Habisreitinger FURRIER
1604 Chestnut Street
The House of Exclusive Models

DON'T RUIN YOUR FACE WITH CHEAP CREAMS!

CHARM O'GRACES

ANTISEPTIC SKIN FOOD
Contains No Mercury

Beautifies and improves bad complexions. Removes wrinkles and facial blemishes. Protects and preserves delicate skin.

In jars at $1.25

If your druggist can't supply you, we send direct, postpaid, on receipt of price.

The Regallotte Co.
P. O. Box 4007, Philadelphia

Bell & Schmitt

For the Woman of Taste

An Array of Stunning New Fall Fashions Of Extraordinary Beauty

Mere words cannot do justice to the new models we are now making. They faithfully portray the most exclusive ideas of the foremost Parisian designers—and each creation is distinctive, thoroughly individual without being extreme.

$50 to $60 Suits, at $40

We make and remodel fur garments; small charge and everything made of fur at moderate prices.

1123 Walnut St.

Miss Cloud's New Method

smooths away perfectly the deepest WRINKLES and restores the muscles to their former firmness, without the use of knife, plaster or injection.

FRECKLES

perfectly and permanently obliterated. Work guaranteed. Convincing proofs at the office.

Miss Cloud Complexion Expert
304-307 Bullitt Building
15th and Walnut Sts.
Est. 1891. Phone, Spruce 2158

Horlick's The ORIGINAL Malted Milk

Safe Milk For Infants & Invalids

Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price

A Nutritious Diet for All Ages. Keep Horlick's Always on Hand. Quick Lunch; Home or Office.

DALSIMER STANDARD SHOES

Slippers

To Harmonize with Your Hallowe'en Costume

These Fashionable New Models are made of superior fabrics and the values represented justify you to make a special effort to at least come and see them.

Special Silk Hosiery in harmonizing colors or metallic shades, at reasonable prices.

$4.25 $3.00

Finest quality cloth of gold or cloth of silver, treated with a non-tarnishable process.

'Tis a Feat to Fit Feet

Fine Satin fabric tinted to any shade to match your gown. Same model with a low heel.

Dalsimer Shoes and Hosiery
1204-06-08 Market St.

THE BIG SHOE STORE

Evening Dresses

An exclusive assortment of evening gowns for women, beautifully made and moderately priced.

BLAYLOCK & BLYNN, Inc. 1528 Chestnut St.

Furs Altered and Repaired.

The Black and White Shop

You are invited to inspect our latest importations of fur, silver and gold lace Hats—from Paris—American adaptations—as well as our own exclusive models.

I. W. Mulready
125 South 16th Street